

REPORT ON A REVOLUTION

—John Cogley

THE
Commonweal



**Peruvian
Contrast**

by **Frederick D. Wilhelmsen**

GERALD WEALES

M. A. FITZSIMONS

ROBERT H. BOYLE

Volume LIX, No. 10

December 11, 1953

Twenty Cents

A Home Atmosphere

to enrich all the
rest of their lives . . .



Make the simplest home meal a traditional rite . . . expressive of settled lives walled around with peace and security! A meal of beauty, harbored in a sea of candlelight!

That's the kind of home atmosphere in which a taste for the simpler, sweeter pleasures of life is most likely to develop: Home to which the young people turn naturally for sociability and entertainment . . . for their Coke parties, fun fests and snacks after the dance or game!

Taperlites* help to weave a spell of warmth, color and friendliness . . . help to lift everyday surroundings to the emotional level of story-book charm, underscoring the rich satisfactions of artistic home living where order and dignity rule in all social relationships.

Will & Baumer

CANDLE CO., INC.

CANDLE CRAFTSMEN FOR NEARLY 100 YEARS
SYRACUSE BOSTON NEW YORK CHICAGO
MONTREAL LOS ANGELES

Buy TAPERLITES in a range of popular colors and 4 graceful sizes at your nearest store. Recognize them by the handy Two-Pack container and by the exclusive FIRM-FIT end that is easier to place and holds the TAPERLITE proudly erect.

*Registered Trademark

EXCLUSIVE
FIRM-FIT END

THIS WEEK

Week by Week	247
Peruvian Contrast by Frederick D. Wilhelmsen	251
Report on a Revolution by John Cogley	254
The Stage by Richard Hayes	257
The Screen by Philip T. Hartung	257
Of Note	258
Communications	259
Books	262

THE COMMONWEAL
386 FOURTH AVENUE
NEW YORK 16

EDWARD S. SKILLIN: *Editor*
JOHN COGLEY: *Executive Editor*
JAMES O'GARA: *Managing Editor*

Assistant Editors:
WILLIAM P. CLANCY, WILLIAM PFAFF

Associate Editors:
The Labor Movement: JOHN C. CORT
The Screen: PHILIP T. HARTUNG
The Stage: RICHARD HAYES

Contributing Editors:
PHILIP BURNHAM, ANNE FREMANTLE

JOHN BRUBAKER: *Advertising Manager*

Published weekly, printed and copyrighted 1953, in the U. S. A. by The Commonwealth Publishing Co., Inc., 386 Fourth Ave., New York 16, N. Y., Murray Hill 3-9685. Entered as second-class matter, February 9, 1934, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879.

U. S. and Canada, \$7 a year. Foreign, \$8. Single copies, 20c.

THE Commonweal

week by week

THE GAUNTLET IS DOWN

THE day on which Senator McCarthy delivered his recent nation-wide television and radio address may well have been a historic occasion in American politics. For the speech, ostensibly in reply to Mr. Truman, actually contained Senator McCarthy's public declaration of war upon the present Administration, and perhaps his first public bid for the Republican nomination for the Presidency in 1956.

A break between the Eisenhower Republicans and the extremists inside the party has long been almost inevitable. But that fact does not make its arrival any more welcome or its potential consequences to the national interest any less damaging. A year ago many people supported General Eisenhower for the Presidency on the theory that he would check the extreme right-wing, isolationist and nationalist elements within the Republican party. Indeed, at election time many said that such support for Mr. Eisenhower was essential if the Republican party was not to be handed over, lock, stock and barrel, to the Old Guard. There was, no doubt, a certain amount of cogency to these arguments for saving the Republican party from its own worst elements, but we could not see how returning the party to power was going to do this, and one reason this magazine opposed the election of General Eisenhower was the conviction that the Republican split was so fundamental that it would endanger this nation's foreign policy.

On this point, which so drastically involves the national interest, we would be happy to have been proved wrong. But it seems to us that the solid basis for such fears has been proved again and again since the election. No matter how sincere Mr. Eisenhower's liberal Republicans may be as they expound what is called "internationalism" and the New Republicanism, a realistic look at Congress will show that the Old Guard is firmly in control of the legislative machinery. And this is the heart of the matter.

Senator Taft knew how important it was to create a solid record of achievement to take to the voters in 1954 and 1956. While he lived, Mr.

Taft was able to check the extremists (whose antipathy for President Eisenhower is only slightly less than their distaste for Mr. Truman) and achieve some kind of workable balance inside the Republican party. But with Senator Taft's death a great gap was left in the Republican party, which President Eisenhower has so far neither filled himself nor been able to find another Taft to fill for him. As a natural result, Senator McCarthy is now trying to fill the power vacuum inside the GOP—and in the process to re-mold it to his own image.

THE challenge to the Eisenhower Administration in Senator McCarthy's speech was unmistakable. Mr. Eisenhower wants Congress to work on a positive program to show the voters and publicly expressed the hope that the Communism-in-government issue would be forgotten by the next election; Senator McCarthy said that if he could make it so Communism-in-government would be the all-important issue. Indeed, he offered himself as the central issue in that campaign; the election of several hundred Representatives and some thirty-odd Senators should hinge, he suggested, on the question of whether or not the voters want Senator McCarthy retained as chairman of his present investigating committee.

During its first seven months the Eisenhower Administration released almost fifteen hundred persons as security risks; many observers are concerned over the discharge procedures being followed, fearing that insufficient safeguards for the individual are being used. But Senator McCarthy says he fears the GOP may be "falling victim to the same evil which beset the Democratic party"—softness towards Communism. On certain matters of security, the Senator said darkly, the Eisenhower team is batting zero.

In his talk Senator McCarthy described as "phony" the Korean truce negotiated by the Eisenhower Administration, and bitterly attacked its approval of Britain's limited trade with China in non-strategic materials, just as he criticized the lack

of success in retrieving all the American prisoners unaccounted for by the North Koreans and Chinese Communists.

So the battle lines are drawn. The point is not that President Eisenhower should be above criticism. But this was not responsible criticism; it was demagoguery. Certainly those who feared the isolationists and right-wing elements in the GOP too much to support General Eisenhower for the Presidency will support him against the extremists in his own party. And even those who have in the past counted themselves in Senator McCarthy's corner may well find this a good time to stop and take stock. If President Eisenhower and those associated with him are "too soft" on Communism, who is there left to lead the country? The answer is obvious enough: Senator McCarthy. Only Senator McCarthy is really anti-Communist, the story goes; disagree with him, and you are not a genuine anti-Communist. The only change is that Senator McCarthy has now run out of Democrats and has turned on his own party.

In the past, many observers have consistently under-estimated Senator McCarthy. We hope President Eisenhower and his advisers will not make that mistake now. In foreign policy he speaks for the New Isolationism of the Right; veto power over U. S. policies in his hands would spell disaster for the free world and would, for all practical purposes, mean an end to the Grand Alliance against the Soviet. Not even Malenkov could hope to accomplish as much with one blow.

NEXT WEEK

GERALD VANN discusses certain confusions that arise from using the term "natural" in both a popular and a philosophical sense.

"Most people seem to be ready to agree that such things as cruelty (an 'unnatural mother'), the degrading of human beings by torture, drugs, a sort of diabolical travesty of psychiatry and so on are unnatural: the confusion between the two uses of the term does not worry them there, though in fact these things are, alas, to be expected of fallen nature. Where the confusion seems to cause the greatest perplexity is in the realm of sexual ethics, especially in an age which bases its arguments or its prejudices so largely on statistical evidence. (What is needed is a good deal less statistics and a good deal more hard logical thinking.) 'Everybody does it,' people say, fresh from their reading of this or that Report, 'so it *must* be natural.'"

HUNGER AND SURPLUSES

THE belief that the Administration will soon be confronted by domestic tasks that are more urgent than poking into the embers of the past is confirmed by the latest reports from the nation's farm areas. The purchasing power of the American farmers has reached the lowest point since 1941. This means a decline of savings and an increase in farm debts.

If our rural population has steadily declined so that it now represents but one-sixth of the total, the American economy is so sensitive that weakness in one sector makes itself felt in all others. So far the secondary effects of unsold farm surpluses and lower prices are concentrated in capital expenditures. The urban industries that are feeling this are the makers and purveyors of farm machinery, steel wire, building materials, fertilizers and electrical appliances. One union estimates that lower rural purchasing power has resulted in the laying off of 47,000 farm machinery workers in the past six months.

Consumers goods will be the next to decline once the cream of rural savings has been skimmed off. The big mail order houses already feel the pinch. If prosperity in rural America in itself does not appear to many to be of sufficient moment, the inevitable effects of bad times in the farm areas upon the national economy as a whole should cause a real awakening.

Up to now the Administration has been assuring the anxious farmer that important studies are in process, that a new program is in the making. It is to be presented to Congress early next year. Abbreviated reports in the New York papers now give clues as to what impends. Farmers will derive cold comfort from this prognostication of lower government supports on butter, corn, wheat and probably cotton. Their sentiments on the National Grange's two-price scheme is probably mixed at present.

The latter idea is hardly new; it found expression in the McNary-Haugen bills of thirty years ago. Each farmer would get high prices for his share of the domestic market; what he produced over and above his quota would be thrown on the world market for what it would bring.

Meanwhile the UN Food and Agriculture Organization has been meeting in Rome with the object of attaining some sort of effective relationship between surpluses and impending famines. The delegates appeared most concerned about preventing starvation in the world, but they were also aware that trouble in the world's farm areas is a forerunner of depressions. There was debate whether stocks of food to prevent famines should be held

ready for emergencies in surplus-producing nations or stored in strategic distribution centers all over the world. There was little indication at the Rome sessions that the "dumping" of surpluses on the world market (envisaged in the two-price plan) would solve anything at all. For famine can only be averted by planning far ahead.

The task of bringing food surpluses into play in famine areas is complex. There are current trade relations to be reckoned with. Successful use of farm surpluses will become easier once there is technical progress in the world's backward areas.

All in all, the right use of our farm surpluses is part of a larger operation. The maintenance of our national prosperity, which is of such key importance for the defense of the free world, is dependent upon foreign prosperity as well as on good times for American industry and agriculture. The big thing is for the Administration to see—and act on—the whole connection.

MR. STEVENSON'S FUTURE

ADLAI Stevenson has a formulated answer for those who ask if he will run for President in 1956. "I don't know," he says, "and even if I did I wouldn't tell you." The wit serves its purpose: it usually stops the question—but only temporarily. The problem of Mr. Stevenson's future in American politics remains, and though his words may give no clue to it, his actions sometimes do. Judging from these, it seems not unlikely that he will seek the Democratic nomination in 1956.

At the beginning of last year's campaign the Illinois governor was unknown to the great majority of voters. Pitted against a General whose name was a household word, his defeat was probably inevitable. But in defeat Adlai Stevenson's stature has grown. He is now one of the best known and best respected of living Americans, and the speech which he recently delivered before the Georgia legislature may provide the most accurate indication to date of what his future role will be.

His Georgia appearance was something which, in itself, undoubtedly displeased some of the more doctrinaire of the New Deal Democrats. Introduced by Governor Herman Talmadge, Mr. Stevenson spoke in praise of the achievements of Georgia under the Talmadge administration and made a strong plea for understanding and compromise between Democrats of the North and South. "There is," he said, "a growing desire in both North and South to go forward together, without bitterness, in goodwill, mutual respect and with a decent concern for the opinions of one another."

But this speech had a larger, less tangible, significance than practical politics. In it Mr. Stevenson spoke with the eloquence, honesty and magnanimity which have made him a unique figure in modern American politics. Treating the issue of Communist subversion, he said: "Root out, I say, the agents of this satanic worldwide conspiracy; disclose the mistakes and failures of the past; assess the responsibility; let the chips fall where they may. But for the love of heaven let us do it with dignity, objectivity and justice, and with some better motive than partisan strife that can only seriously weaken the United States in its mortal struggle with the total evil that besieges the world."

"Let the chips fall where they may" . . . But let us see that they fall "with justice." This is the point. For, as Mr. Stevenson concluded: "Nothing we do with arms or aid will avail us long if America's moral image is one of confusion and cowardice, hysteria and hate."

Last year, for a few months, Adlai Stevenson spoke as the conscience of American liberalism. In such words as these he speaks as the conscience of America.

TWO TALKS

BERMUDA is a pink and sunny place for troublesome talks, and President Eisenhower, Sir Winston Churchill, and Premier Laniel gather at a troublesome time indeed. The pivotal problem they face is that of France's part in the European alliance. The underlying problem, of course, is something else: the possibility of coming to new terms with Russia at the apparently forthcoming Big Four foreign ministers' conference. The Western nations must have a single strong policy when they go to meet the Russians, and France is the obstacle to such a policy.

The problem can be stated in this way: There must be a strong Europe in order to deal with the Russians. A European Defense Community is necessary for that strong Europe, since there is no practical alternative to EDC for the arming of Europe. (The proposed alternative, independently arming Germany, is a fanciful idea when the western lines of communication lie through France; when France occupies part of Federal Germany; and when not only France but Chancellor Adenauer's government itself opposes the plan.)

This is a rather stale discussion, as it has been going on now for three years. But the characteristic of EDC is that it is nearly as potent as an idea as it would be as a fact. It could not, in any event, be a functioning military operation for at least two

years. But it is explosive enough in its present form to push the Russians into four-power talks.

This seems to be the American State Department's analysis of the situation, and it is reported that President Eisenhower will do everything in his power at Bermuda to give M. Laniel a lever to get EDC through the French Parliament. Mr. Eisenhower is said to be prepared to offer not only to keep American troops in Europe in their present number, but even to increase the American garrison, if that will help Laniel. This would mean a considerable fight not only in Congress, but within the Administration itself, where there is a strong group favoring reducing American troop commitments for reasons of domestic politics and economy, replacing them with atom bombs. (And "replacing" is a Sophistic term in this context, implying, as it does, equality in usefulness and flexibility between bomb and battalion.)

If Mr. Eisenhower's strategy is successful, and the French Assembly should prepare to pass the EDC, then the climate of the foreign ministers' conference will be, for the West, practically as warm as Bermuda itself. We will have a genuine "situation of strength" for negotiating with the Russians.

NO CASUALTY REPORTS

THE war in Indochina has been repeatedly discussed in this magazine for two reasons: because France's military power in Europe (and hence the power of NATO) and the war in Indochina are related as directly as the weights on the two sides of a scale, and because victory or defeat in Indochina is going to affect the future of Asia even more profoundly than the Korean war.

Now there is news from Sweden that the Communist leader, Ho Chi Minh, has stated in reply to questions put to him by a Stockholm newspaper that he is willing to negotiate for peace, provided that France renounces a colonial war of "reconquest." The phrasing of this, combined with its timing on the eve of French presidential elections and the necessary formation of a new French cabinet, make it seem very much like sheer tactical propaganda. If it is not propaganda, it means trouble.

The Associated States are at last just gaining their independence from France; the French military effort is at last gaining some momentum. To negotiate now would be somewhat like negotiating in Korea the day before the Americans broke out of the Pusan perimeter. Yet there is strong and understandable sentiment in France favoring a settlement at almost any price. And vital as this war

may be, so long as it is Frenchmen and Viet Namese who slide face-down into the still swamp water, paying the cost of our convictions, then we who are the well-paid observers can hardly demand more war. In this we have no rights.

But if the offer is a fraud, and the war is to continue for the present, then we Americans have other kinds of obligations. Some of them were outlined in a series of dispatches from Indochina by Joseph Alsop. We think that they deserve repeating: The American stake in Indochina is as great as anyone's. If our part is to be that of the quartermaster, then we should be as conscientious as we were in meeting the needs of our own men in Korea.

We should supply the fleet of transport aircraft needed to release the French troops for offensive action. We should supply a token group of jet fighters, manned perhaps by volunteers, to protect the French against the devastation a sudden Communist air attack could bring. We should put a damper on the backseat driving of Congressional tourists and on second-guessing from the Pentagon. We should not put the kind of strings on our supplies which require the French Army to redesign itself on American Army lines. (The French, at present, manage to put three times as many combat battalions into the line for the men they have as did the U. S. Army, proportionately, in Korea.)

These suggestions do not mean that we have to make out blank checks for the French Army. They would mean that we recognize the competence of the present French Command in Indochina, and will fulfill the obligations we have undertaken in this war—obligations which are of a kind which do not produce casualty reports.

EUGENE O'NEILL

THERE are not many American writers whom one can call, with some certainty, "great." Among the novelists—Hawthorne, Melville, Henry James, Faulkner and Hemingway. Among the poets—Poe, Whitman, Hart Crane, Pound, and T. S. Eliot. Among the dramatists—Eugene O'Neill.

In the drama, O'Neill's name stands alone. Experimenter and craftsman, prober of our national dreams and our national frustrations, he created a body of work which is the American theater's chief claim to respect throughout the world.

Now Eugene O'Neill is dead, and with him a part of America's greatness has surely died. But the influence of art cannot be measured. It extends for generations. It becomes tradition. What Eugene O'Neill gave to America is now part of America's tradition. We are grateful for it, and for his genius. May he rest in peace.

Peruvian Contrast

"WITHOUT LETTERS, WITHOUT LAND, WITHOUT PRIEST, THE INDIAN IS THE HUMAN AND SACRED THING, AND JUSTICE HAS NOT BEEN DONE HIM."

FREDERICK D. WILHELMSSEN

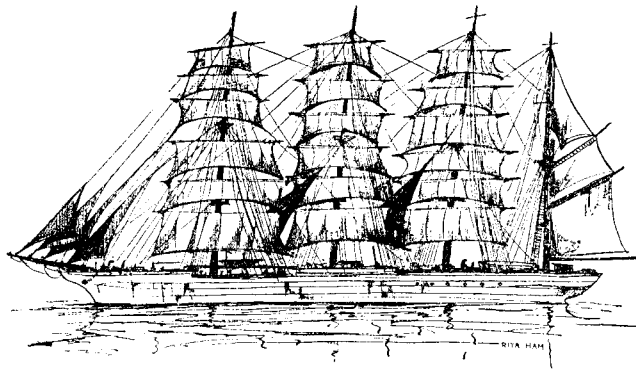
THERE is a story told somewhere that the first sailing vessel anchoring at Southampton with a cargo of Peruvian guano caused the whole town to take to the hills. There are other stories—substantiated too well—of American and European sailors throwing themselves into the sea because they were unable to carry on the foul business of loading this stuff into old ships that stood off the islands, weeks on end, waiting for full cargoes of guano: guano to be sold in a Europe that welcomed this finest of all fertilizers for land in bad need of new life after decades of misuse.

The ammonia fumes of Peruvian guano blind, kill and madden. I know one German who lived out over thirty years on a Peruvian guano bark, who lost his sight, then regained it six months later, and who will carry his scars to the grave; the skin around his eyes is burnt out from the fumes, and the eyes themselves have sunk back into their sockets. This man is a living reproof to this harrowing business, and when he comes swinging down the streets of Callao, smiling, he looks for all the world like a vigorous, gnarled, and happy fellow in the full enjoyment of his old age; his face is bronzed from years under the sun; but his beady little eyes, hardly more than pinpoints of blue, are set back behind white crescents of dead and useless skin.

This man advised me to stay away from the guano islands. I ignored his advice, not because I wanted to see the islands, but because I wanted to sail in the last four-masted bark in commission anywhere in the world: the bark *Omega*. I sailed in the old vessel, but I sailed to the rock islands up and down this coast. I came to know them, to know the millions of sea birds

that make their home here, and to know the Indians of Peru.

THE Indian was here when the Empire of the Incas raised up living sacrifices to the sun-god *Manco Capac* and his daughter, *Mama Occlo*, but with the coming of the Spaniard the Indian left the islands and went back to the Andes in the interior. The secret of guano was lost. Through the long graceful sleep of colonial Peru, no human thing came to the *Islas de Peru*. Only the birds continued to flock in and nest on the empty rocky heights and on the promontories of the coast.



For three centuries the birds whitened the islands, until the guano lay thick and heavy over every inch of bare rock off the entire coast of Peru. The rediscovery of guano by Baron von Humboldt brought the Indians back. Come down from the Sierras, these Indians spend ten months out of every year on the islands. They are carried in from the mainland by longboat and launch, when the guano covers the rocks, and when the birds themselves have left out of disgust. Barefoot, the Indians file ashore and the stuff lies all around them, inches deep, swarming with tiny white scorpions whose bite can swell the human foot to twice its size.

In groups of two to four hundred men, the workers shovel the guano into gunny sacks weighing, filled, some fifty pounds each. These are piled into high pyramids that at dusk seem to resemble the ruins of the Temples of the Sun and the Moon near the site of old *Chan Chan*. At night the Indians crawl into little tents made of cast-off and rotting sacks. Within, they play cards and sing. They never read. (The rare Indian from the Sierras who can read makes out better in

Mr. Wilhelmsen is author of the recently-published study of Hilaire Belloc, "No Alienated Man." He spent last summer in Peru.

life than these workers.) The guano cannot be loaded into the ships by bringing the sacks down to piers. The islands are too sheer and the swell is too high. Long lighters are anchored close in under the high rock cliffs, and the sacks are hauled to a block and tackle arrangement at the edge of the precipice above. There, one sack at a time, the cargo is dropped by a wire cable made fast to the lighters, a hundred or more feet below.

It is slow work. The sailing ship—there is never more than one of them nowadays—stands off about a mile away waiting for the lighters to be brought out by gangs of bronzed and ragged Indian stevedores. As the lighters, loaded almost to the gunwales, are towed out to sea some of the Indians sun themselves by flopping down on top of the hideous stuff. Others gather forward in the bows of the lighter and watch the little steam launch ahead pull them out to the vessel. If they ship a little water the Indians laugh childishly, and one man may pretend to push his friend, as if to shoulder him overboard. They come out to the guano bark, all sizes of men, dressed in a strange variety of rags: orange and red blankets drawn across their loins, or scarlet sashes wrapped around their waists, or old army trousers and broad-brimmed *sombreros*; some of them come out in the winter air clad only in a strip of white cloth. These last work as do the others in the hot and steaming holds for hours on end. At dusk they emerge from the holds and with no more clothing than before, they face the night air. And yet they do not sicken as individuals. Sickness among the Indians of the islands is never private. It is communal. As though the common spirit of this race had agreed on sharing all misery, when one man comes down with a virus or with tuberculosis, all the rest follow suit. There are no doctors on these islands, and when death comes, it comes rapidly and democratically to many men at once.

I OFTEN wondered why these men left their hills and mountains and came down to these places by the sea. It is a life to which they were not born, and they come here—I was told—because the company of the sea and the great birds and the sweeping desolation of the coast are preferable to the mines where there is nothing but the daily going down into the earth, where men labor in darkness so that other men might have ease. The altitudes of the Sierras are such that a foreigner with a bad heart risks his life should he make the ascent. The thin air of those heights is bitter cold in the winter, and still a man must keep his head covered for fear he might suffer from the sun. The mines pay about what the guano pays: seven to eight *soles* a day, which is less than fifty cents in American money (but eight *soles* goes a long way in Peru). Between the mines and the islands I would not hesitate a moment,

and possibly the Indians who come here to the Isla Guanape or the Isla Viuda or to Santa Rosa in Independencia Bay where it blows fiercely, have come because they sense in their bones that the working of guano gives life to the land, and this life is their only hope for freedom.



These Indians from the Sierras are landless. But there are others, living in the valleys, settled in their ancestral farms; their familial and communal existence is rhythmic, rooted, secure. You can see these Indians by taking a train from Lima that will bring you into the valley of Huancayo. If you come on a Sunday morning you will find thousands of richly dressed and beautifully erect peasants milling about the town plaza, selling and buying from one another at their weekly fair.

Land-owning, self-respecting, drawing sustenance from the soil and from their common dignity, they are a promise to the rest of Peru.

THESE Indians of Huancayo are but a remnant of human dignity in a country largely given over to landed aristocrats and capitalist adventurers. In Callao a German told me that what Peru needed was about half a million Italian or South German farmers spread up and down the central valleys, spading their own land, and thus in time turning this country into a mosaic of small properties and free peasants. He may be right, but I asked him why Europeans, when the Indians are already here by the millions? He was silent, for Germans down here have the good sense not to talk politics. I repeated my question to an American teacher who has lived and worked with the Indians for over eighteen years. His answer was long and complex, but perhaps it is best summed up in a story he told me about a mountain village he knows as his own home. Here is his story; although the language is my own, the judgments are those of a man who has labored in the mountains for the time it takes a boy to grow into a man:

"When Peru was royal and was ruled from Lima by a vice regent in the name of the Spanish Crown, lawyers were to be found nowhere in the whole of this land. The King hated lawyers, as he thought they were all lying scoundrels and thieves. His edict against lawyers stood as long as Spanish law held this country. With the coming of the Republic and freedom, lawyers were admitted to Peru, for no independent land can exist long

without lawyers. Soon this profession stood high in the minds of the whole people, and the peasants in the hills thought it would be a fine thing to set aside their savings and educate the best of their sons in this business of the law. Within a few generations a trickle of Indian boys came down from the hills into Lima and Trujillo and sat in classes given over to the study of law.

"In time these new lawyers went back to their homes in the villages, and soon the farmers came in with problems and disputes about tenure, boundaries, and the like. 'Juan,' the young lawyer would say to his client come before him, hat in hand, 'Juan, you and I have been old friends for a long time, and I will tell you plainly that Pedro has promised me that strip of land he has over behind the Church if I take his case against you. But for two cows I will throw him over and argue the law in your favor.' And to Pedro: 'Juan has offered me two cows, but for old times sake I will defend your case for that strip of land you have over behind the church.'

"Of course compromise being the spirit of the law and temperance being the handmaid of learning, Juan neither won fully against Pedro, nor did Pedro really lose to Juan. The Man of Justice settled all difficulties between Pedro and Juan for one cow and half a strip of land. Another generation or two passed, and, the law of diminishing returns being what it is, the grandson of the Red Hope, himself a lawyer with Spanish airs and a house in Lima, owned the whole village, and the descendants of those quarreling and ignorant fellows—Juan and Pedro—worked for wages, as is the practice among civilized men everywhere."

So they have come here to the islands to work the guano for land that was once their own. Dark and ragged men whose eyes have known the wilderness and the mountains, they look you full in the face. Leaning over the bulwarks of the last of the four-masted barks, I looked down on the lighter bobbing in the high swell; and a tattered giant, red-bearded, balancing himself in the bows, returned my glance with a smile that danced in the morning light; hands on hips, his face and carriage were full of the dignity and grace of the hills that gave him birth. Without letters, without land, without priest, *he* is the human and sacred thing, and justice has not been done *him*.



This land is hungering for justice. Reform must come. Everyone knows it, but nobody will do anything about it. The families that rule this country are living out a tragedy, and unless this is understood, and understood firmly, the visitor to Peru misses the irony that surrounds him every time he enters the homes of, or mingles with, the aristocracy. Born to fantastic wealth, remembering honor and sanctity, surrounded with the baroque of the seventeenth century, the defense and expansion of a once united Christendom their only excuse for existence, these poor people see nothing left for them in this world but the amassing of more wealth, and the perpetual shoring up of their tottering power. They are locked within the confines of the tiny republic they created for themselves; they face the competition of what they firmly believe to be nothing but a mechanized slavery from the North. They are surrounded by the quiet resentment of a suppressed Indian population. They speak of the *Aprista* as a man might remember a mob but recently put down. They are too old and too realistic to see anything in a planned and artificial democracy. They are too proud to make themselves loved.

THERE is only one resort for them, and that is to return to their origins and take up again the high calling that was once theirs: the creation of a Christian Order regardless of the consequences, even if one of these would be to make themselves loved by the people. They know in the very depths of their collective consciousness that beyond the walls of the Universal Church there is nothing but darkness and despair. But they have been corrupted, in varying degrees, by the secularism from without: each one of them has been touched, separately, and all of them together, and this without exception.

They have been educated abroad and have known the temples of secularism; they have been taught that history has passed them by; that their day is done; that the future belongs to the mechanized barbarians; that the coming reform will be the work of the planners and the cold-blooded and banal apostles of mass education and incontinent industrialization. The future belongs, so they have been told, to men who are utterly foreign to the Hispanic tradition. They have believed their mentors, all the while hating them. They live only in one hope: that things will last their time. If they are men they lose themselves in polo playing and theatre going; if they are women, their lives are given over to much church visiting and a highly individualistic piety utterly divorced from the corporate vocation of Catholicism.

These aristocrats are not without—and in the darkness. They are within: they have known the Faith: they despair.

Report on A Revolution

Cairo

FOR many years in the movies there was a man named Fitzpatrick who used to bid sad adieu to distant lands and peoples while the burning sun sank into exotic waters. Because of him, I am learning, no place on earth can be wholly strange to the American of my generation. And so it was that the sights to be seen on the way from the airport to the city of Cairo, my first glimpse of the Middle East, were as familiar as an old dream. I was somewhat prepared for the blending of old and new that makes modern Egypt a land of paradox, but once here, I have never ceased to wonder at it.

For instance, five times a day you hear the Moslem call to prayer. You are prepared for it, of course, but are hardly prepared to hear it coming over an electronic public-address system. (There is a sad acceptance among the pious of this invasion of efficiency, much like the reluctance with which electric vigil lights are received among devout Catholics.) The prayer-call chant is familiar to Egypt as to the rest of the Moslem world, but there are other, more secular, sounds here, too. Broadway and Hollywood are never too far off. At Cairo's Samiris Hotel, in the cocktail lounge, you can hear a tinkling piano playing Rodgers and Hammerstein and the ironic melodies—in this setting—of Romberg's "Desert Song." On the streets there are still many veiled ladies, but among the younger Egyptian women many venture forth in fashions based on the current vogue in New York, Paris or Stockholm. The ceremonial cup of coffee, ritualistically served as a symbol of Arab hospitality, still marks all social contacts—but Coca-Cola too is everywhere.

The blending of old and new, of modern science and ancient wisdom, of East and West, is to be found everywhere—in religion, architecture, clothing, social attitudes and popular culture. I learned, for instance, that many youngsters in Cairo see romantic American movies every single day and often twice in the same day; and still most marriages are unromantically arranged by parents and courtship severely restricted.

THERE is a flavor about each distant place a man visits, an impression which the place leaves on the stranger who comes to it. The impression, I know,

is not always true. It takes more time than a journalist can usually give really to understand a place. In view of the disastrous oversimplifications many European visitors have made about the United States, I hesitate to reach any sweeping conclusions about Egypt. But one can only report a place as it strikes him, the predominant impact it makes, and this is how Egypt strikes me: Two forces are at work here, the one pulling the nation toward Western ways and the other renewing its confidence in the essential wisdom of its own traditions. Hand in hand with the Western streamlining process is an upsurging of Arab pride and cultural awareness—that new spirit which has been called Arab nationalism but which is actually bigger than nationalism in the ordinary sense of the word.

The first force is the obvious result of Western popular influences, such as the movies, student exchanges, cultural missions, etc. The other is a complicated process brought on by the hostility of a newly free nation to the recent age of imperialism, by a feeling of Arab unity on such matters as the Israel question—and here especially opinion is absolutely unanimous, let there be no question about it—and the existing prospects ahead for self-rule, the long dreamt of ambition of the people. There is no hesitancy about recognizing the obvious superiority of the West in certain technical, industrial and social aspects of life. More widespread industrialization, popular education, efficient sanitation and health programs have a mighty appeal. But at the same time there is an undercurrent of resistance to Western psychology and to certain tinny aspects of our culture. Egypt is the intellectual capital of the Arab world, and you find among its leaders a fierce resolution to develop a *modern* expression of Arab genius, taking from the West what is deemed good and essential but just as resolutely rejecting what is considered inferior to what they already have. They speak scornfully, for instance, of our high divorce rate and feel that Islam, still a vital force in the life of the people, offers more hope for salvation than the secularism of modern Christendom.

These opinions, I suspect, are true of all Arab leaders. But there is a special spirit in Egypt now, a sense of political renewal and vitality which is remarkably reminiscent of our own early New Deal days. General Mohammed Neguib, who took over the government from the discredited King Farouk by military coup in July, 1952, occupies a position such as was held by F.D.R. in the early thirties. Neguib is almost universally popular. The government, of course, is still essentially a military dictatorship, but there is a general belief, not wholly reassuring, that the future of a democratic Egypt is safe in Neguib's hands and in those of the young officers around him.

Without the safeguards of established processes democracy is never secure, of course. Still it is genuinely

believed in Egypt that President Neguib is inspired by a real belief in democracy and that in time there will be a democratic constitution, modeled somewhat after the American. Right now there seems nothing to do but keep one's fingers crossed, hope for the best and urge Egypt to speed up the democratizing process. One-party, one-man rule (especially one so grounded in the military tradition) is always risky, even though the man be as personable and as patently sincere as Mohammed Neguib. The regime has asked for three years to clean up the Farouk mess, and a constitutional committee is at work now.

In the meantime Neguib rules with benignity and, like the General in Washington, is riding a wave of personal popularity. He is opposed by certain organized groups—socialists, Communists, monarchists—but the opposition is as yet fragmentary. As long as Neguib maintains his personal popularity he has nothing to fear from it. His popularity cuts across all religious lines, mainly because there was nothing sectarian



about Egyptian disgust with the wholesale corruption in Farouk's regime and, more positively, because Neguib and his men—who are generally thought of as devout Moslems—have gone out of their way to promote inter-faith cooperation. The President publicly attends functions at the Christian churches and not long ago was photographed in a synagogue. In the Arab world, where feeling against the state of Israel runs high, this was a daring gesture.

The problems facing Neguib are at least as vast as those which confronted Mr. Roosevelt in 1933. When Neguib took over the government high and low places alike were riddled with corruption. Farouk, who had been a very popular king in his early youth, had grown fat and dissolute. He had surrounded himself with venal politicians and the scandalous stench of the royal palace reached out to the humblest peasant homes. Neguib's first problem, then, was to clean up the corruption. It is generally felt in Egypt that he has done a good job in this.

SO far, the step of all he has taken which is most popularly appealing has been the matter of land reform. Prior to Neguib's coup, ninety per cent of the land was owned by three per cent of the people. Today, land-holdings are limited to two hundred acres for a single person. The present government has appropriated large land-holdings and issued negotiable bonds to the ex-owners paying three and a half per cent interest. There was an ironic note here in the fact that in the past a land-owner's taxes were often based on what kind of a fix he had with the corrupt Farouk regime. After the Neguib government confiscated the great holdings, it determined the land's worth on the basis of old tax rates and issued bonds on the evaluation made by the owners themselves in the days when they managed to pay taxes not according to what they owned but whom they knew.

It is hard to get any complete information on how the land reform program is going. The plan has been to give the land to those who were already working it as tenants and sharecroppers. Large tracts, however, are still kept in the government's own hands. There is an argument to the effect that universal small-scale farming is inefficient for a country with Egypt's needs and that certain vast holdings have to be held by the government in trust until some equitable way of efficient distribution is worked out.

In the meantime, the land-reform laws are widely publicized and popularly hailed as typical of the kind of reform Neguib is bringing to Egypt. I have made a point while here of talking to as many humble people as I can, as well as interviewing important officials, including General Neguib himself. Every single store-keeper, cab-driver, guide or hotel waiter I have talked to was enthusiastically pro-Neguib. In almost every case, the first thing mentioned in his favor, spontaneously, was the land-reform program. As a program it seems to be as heartening and inspiring a first step as Roosevelt's ill-starred NRA. Obviously, it has caught the popular imagination. Even people who have received no benefits whatsoever from it have taken it as a symbol of good things to come.

Egypt is said to be the most densely populated land on earth. There are twenty-two and a half million people there, living on three and a half per cent of the total area. The rest is desert. That means more than two thousand inhabitants to a square mile. In Cairo it was recently found in one populous area that there were one hundred and seventeen thousand persons living in less than a square mile. The Egyptian population has increased six-fold in the last hundred years. I spoke with the Minister of Social Affairs about this. He said that the total population increases by eleven hundred new babies, over and above the daily deaths, every single day of the year. Finding food, education and opportunity for this swollen population

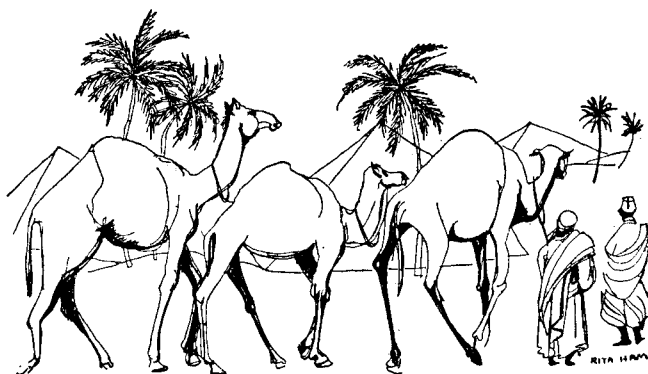
—not to mention sheer living space—is enough to keep any political regime occupied. Whatever progress the Neguib government makes, and it is already notable, is accomplished against the greatest odds.

Water is the number one problem, of course. There are several ambitious government-sponsored undertakings under way to find new methods of irrigation. For instance, one attempt to sink a well under the desert sands resulted in finding a million and a half gallons of water a day. But progress is slow and expensive. Work of this kind is done largely through the aid given by America under the Point Four program.

GENERAL Neguib personally is an affable, twinkley-eyed, gentle-mannered man, a little like the benign Stalin-image of the propaganda posters. He surprises you somewhat by his direct manner, seeming candor and democratic ways. During our interview, for instance, he did not sit at a great desk so that like the Duce in Chaplin's "Great Dictator" he would be looking down on all others. He sat rather on a plain chair next to mine and talked as simply and directly as a shopkeeper. I began the interview by asking him what role he thought the U.S. should play in the life of the Middle East. It brought on a torrential reply. There was hardly time for another question.

The United States, he said, has always been well liked in the Arab countries—not only because many Arabs emigrated to the U.S. and were well received and are happy there, nor merely because there is no history of U.S. imperialism in the Middle East with all the bitterness that results from such an adventure. Basically, the U.S. has been popular in the Middle East because the Arabs believe in the fundamental sincerity and good will of the American people. Egypt and all the countries of the Arab world are grateful to America for the economic and technical aid they have received and for the interest in Arab problems shown by the people of the United States. But the greatest problem in the Arab world today is the Israel question. The most poignant human problem is the case of the Arab refugees who were driven from their homes by the Israelis and still live in squalor and degradation, growing more despondent every day. In the Arab mind, there would be no Israel, there would be no Arab refugees and there would be no fear of Israeli aggression if the United States had not helped to create these problems by giving economic aid to Israel, by letting Israel flout UN decisions, and by approaching the problem according to the exigencies of domestic politics rather than the demands of justice. The bitterness felt throughout the whole Arab world on this question is now directed against the United States and, frankly, the reservoir of good will is running dry.

General Neguib went on then to distinguish, between the Jews and the Israelis. He insisted that there was nothing anti-Semitic, in the ordinary sense of the word, about the Arab attitude. Arabs, he said, had lived side by side in peace with Jews through the ages; indeed, there were no pogroms or racial persecutions of the Jews in Arab history. There is not, in fact, any word for pogrom in the Arabic language. Jews are living peacefully today in Egypt. But, he insisted, Zionist propaganda in the United States has managed to identify anti-Israel feelings with anti-Semitism in the popular mind. All the revulsion felt for Hitler and the Hitler persecutions has been channeled into pro-Israel—and hence anti-Arab—sentiments. The Arabs are depicted as desert barbarians. There is no Arab voting bloc in the United States, the General said bitterly. If there were, the Arabs' case might get a more sympathetic hearing from the government. But justice is on their side, and they trust in the ultimate fairness of the American people and in the strength of



American public opinion. As long as the United States is widely regarded as the creator and present sustainer of Israel she will be considered ultimately responsible for the human plight of the Arab refugees who have to sit in a miserable camp and look across at their own homes which have been taken from them. In that case, U.S. prestige in this part of the world will continue to seep away. So spoke Neguib, in the bluntest terms.

(I ask the reader to remember that this is a report of what President Neguib said. I am reporting it as faithfully as possible, without taking a personal position on the matter. I have been given the opportunity to make this trip in order to investigate, to find out facts and to see at first-hand the various aspects of this thorny problem, among others, in the Middle East. The trip has just begun. I am going to spend some time in Israel and plan to report the Israeli side of the question, too, as accurately as I can.)

JOHN COGLEY.

(This is the first in a series of reports on the Middle East by Mr. Cogley.)

THE STAGE

THE TRIP TO BOUNTIFUL

MR. Harold Clurman, whose drama criticism provides one of the last patches of luster in the faltering *Nation*, has written so pointed and thoughtful an essay on the critical (and hence, ultimately, popular) response to "The Trip to Bountiful" that I wish it might have the fullest circulation. Noting first the curious anomaly which was to be found in almost every notice of Mr. Horton Foote's play—condescension to the work for being "flatly written, monotonous, over-extended," and yet distinguished praise for its performance—Mr. Clurman goes on to observe: "It is not theatrically sound to speak of a very fine piece of acting as if it were happening in one place, and to speak of the play as if it were to be found somewhere on the shelf of a library, several blocks away." Then he shrewdly traces the contemporary critical babel to its source in the fact that "no one can be sure of what any of the reviewers are talking about, except that they are pleased or displeased. Values are not made explicit, standards are not defined, prejudices and attitudes of mind are not clarified or defended."

No one sensitive to the peculiar hierarchy of values which governs the economic and intellectual status of the American theater will dispute the truth of Mr. Clurman's analysis. What he requests is not agreement, nor subservience, but articulation: an articulation which can hardly impose an intolerable burden on a profession whose members must always be gauged by their qualities of mind and sensibility. I mention all this by way of prelude to the fact that "The Trip to Bountiful"—because of the lamentable confusion and inadequacy of its critical reception—briefly survived with gentility rather than enjoying the rich success it invited and could sustain. It is a modest play, and limited, but it seems to me one of the very few which have made attendance at the theatre this season an occasion of pleasure and *contact*—not merely a momentary diversion, or an exercise in social prestige.

"The Trip to Bountiful" is a journey lived in all its details in the mind and heart of an old woman, waiting to return again to the town of her birth after the shrill and dusty stretches of her life in a Texas city. Mr. Foote devotes his first act to a glacial, relentless portrait of that life; his second to an account of the journey, and the third to the actual return. The first scene—chiefly because of its cool and devastating observation, partly because of Jo Van Fleet's strident brilliance as a malevolent daughter-in-law—has a spring and tension denied the others, but nowhere is there a failure of interest or distinction, never an

evasion nor a casual embrace of the false. And Mr. Foote conveys the sure, genuine emotion of his theme not by coldly parading disaster, but by permitting life slowly to accumulate until at the last—cleanly and with great strength—sympathy takes us prisoner.

Miss Lillian Gish portrays this central, exhausting role with an anonymous intensity, a note of desperate urgency as terrifying as it is moving: there is so much largeness of imagination and moral pressure behind the performance that one shrinks from a knowledge of its cost. Complementing her is Miss Van Fleet, whose antagonism, joyless vivacity and consuming triviality enclose the perfectly dead and hollow center of her life. Gene Lyons plays the man caught between the exigencies of both these worlds with a fastidious control, while Eve Marie Saint creates a striking impression of repose and integrity in her brief scene. Vincent Donohue's direction shows theatrical sensibility of high order, as does, indeed, the whole production. No one would find "The Trip to Bountiful" without reward unless—to quote Mr. Clurman again—you need entertainment to *kill you*. (*Closed at the Henry Miller.*)

RICHARD HAYES.

THE SCREEN

AND I'LL TAKE THE LOW

FROM the very beginning of "Take the High Ground!" when drill sarge Richard Widmark snarls, "We people are going to slap you young people out of your civilian ways," you have a pretty good idea of what the picture is going to be about. And you're right. This group of youngsters, new recruits at Fort Bliss, don't even have sense enough to quake in their shoes at Widmark's disparaging remarks; they are a cross-section of American youth: the good, the brave, the bad, the cowardly, the gum-chewing, the wise-cracking, the poetic, and the and-so-forth. And Widmark, with the help of Karl Malden, a sergeant who is just as tough but has at least a squirt of the milk of human kindness in his makeup, has only sixteen weeks to fashion these ill-assorted "young people" into soldiers.

In spite of the fact that "Take the High Ground!" has many of the old clichés of the films of World War II, Millard Kaufman's script still has a fresh quality to it, and as handled by director Richard Brooks and Producer Dore Schary takes on quite a forceful impact. Widmark and Malden give excellent performances. Elaine Stewart is the only woman in the cast. It is hardly her fault that her role is more of an

DECEMBER 11, 1953 257

extra-curricular plot gimmick than a legitimate character in this thoughtful movie. In covering its main theme, the training of men, "Take the High Ground!" is most successful. It puts over well its point: a drill sergeant, as tough as he is, isn't as tough as the enemy.

FOR moviegoers who like their male casts in something more melodramatic, there's "The Steel Lady," an Edward Small production about four men looking for oil on the Sahara Desert. When their plane is damaged, the men find a German tank left over from the war; and, with American ingenuity, they put this steel lady into working condition and set off for the French army post some hundred miles away. As directed by E. A. Dupont, the picture is a fascinating mixture of hokum and realism. Rod Cameron, Tab Hunter and Richard Erdman portray the more likable of the marooned chaps, and John Dehner is the hard-drinking mean one who causes them as much trouble as the Arabs in this adventurous bit of sandy escapism.

IN spite of the fact that "Decameron Nights" was handsomely photographed in Technicolor in Spain and has a good cast, it is a rather tiresome movie that tries awfully hard to be naughty. Using three Boccaccio tales to kick around a few ideas on marriage, infidelity, cuckoldry and virtue, writer George Oppenheimer substitutes a tongue-in-cheek kind of satire for the original short stories' lusty humor. The efforts of Joan Fontaine, Louis Jordan and Godfrey Tearle add up to little more than a repetitious retelling of off-Technicolor jokes.

WHEN the English take themselves too seriously they fall into a trap out of which they cannot crawl. "Project M 7," a new British film about the inventors of a jet plane that flies three times the speed of sound, might be a sort of sequel to "Crashing Through the Sound Barrier." But the new movie is so curiously underplayed and full of serious talk about flying that it almost fails to move at all; its tense cast seem to be kidding each other in the Captain Video manner. It is all quite quite.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

OF NOTE

UN-AMERICAN ACTION

IN last week's issue we commented on attempts by the American Legion to prevent the American Civil

Liberties Union from holding a public meeting in Indianapolis, Indiana—a case which subsequently became a matter of national interest when it was reviewed on Edward R. Murrow's television program. *The Indiana Catholic and Record*, the newspaper of the Indianapolis Archdiocese, wrote on the same question in its issue of November 20. We quote the *Record's* lead editorial in full:

In any normal week the American Legion could be counted upon to agree with 1) President Eisenhower and 2) General Douglas MacArthur. But this was no ordinary week.

Already staggering from the disclosure that Robin Hood was subversive, Hoosiers, like Americans elsewhere, were profoundly shaken by the confusing developments in the Harry Dexter White spy case. It was not too surprising, therefore, that the Indiana Division of the American Legion should abruptly classify as a front for Communists an organization praised by President Eisenhower, General MacArthur and others whose patriotism is unquestioned and whose thinking conforms to the Legion's most rigid tests of orthodoxy.

It all happened when Legionnaires discovered that the newly organized Indiana Chapter of the American Civil Liberties Union was to hold a meeting in the Indiana War Memorial Building. State Headquarters of the Legion brought pressure to bear and the infant Hoosier ACLU was suddenly without a meeting place. "It will not be allowed to meet anywhere in Indiana if we can prevent it," Roy M. Amos, state commander of the American Legion is reported to have said.

The American Civil Liberties Union is not on the Attorney General's list of subversive organizations. Even during World War II—when it was fashionable to be chummy with "our valiant Russian allies"—ACLU barred Communists from its staff and governing council. As we said, the President and General MacArthur have praised its work. And yet the American Legion would keep the organization from meeting anywhere in Indiana.

This is incredible un-Americanism. We are convinced the American Legion, traditionally the staunch defender of the Constitution, was led into careless thinking by the excitement of an abnormal week.

One bright day some highly organized group may decide the Catholics are subversive and keep them from meeting anywhere. If that should ever happen, we would be grateful to any group that helped preserve the constitutional right of assembly.

Thirty-three years ago the American Civil Liberties Union was organized to preserve that

and all other rights guaranteed by the Constitutional Bill of Rights. Since then ACLU has defended some mighty unpopular characters—people like Communists, Fascists and Anti-Semites. They no more sympathized or agreed with them than a lawyer agrees with the ethics of the murderer he defends in court. They were defending the Constitutional rights, not the opinions, of the people whose rights they considered to be in jeopardy.

ACLU, and any similar organization, will frequently be defending the Constitutional rights of unpopular individuals. It is the drunken vagrant who is most likely to be sentenced without a fair trial, not the law-abiding citizen.

We do not agree with everything the American Civil Liberties Union has done in the past or is doing today. We do not like some of the compromised Liberal thinkers on its national committee. But we believe that the un-American action of the American Legion in Indiana this week is a vivid demonstration that this State needs the American Civil Liberties Union or an organization of a similar nature.

COMMUNICATIONS

"CATHOLICS AND ISOLATIONISM"

Valencia, Pa.

TO the Editors: This letter is in rebuttal of the canards set forth in James O'Gara's article, "Catholics and Isolationism" [November 13, 1953]. I have little hope that my communication will be seen in print, judging by the pervading animus of The Commonwealth against Catholics in general.

Mr. O'Gara's article is a hodge-podge of disconnected thoughts and illogical *non sequiturs*. He begins with Eisenhower food packages, (whatever they have to do with Catholics and Isolationism), and winds up with a blast against Senator McCarthy. None of his charges are substantiated by proof; as a matter of fact, known, obvious facts disprove his entire article.

Catholics are isolationists, states Mr. O'Gara. That thousands of these "isolationists" have given their lives in World Wars No. 1 and No. 2, wars fought in the interest of imperial Britain and France, he ignores. That thousands more have been killed and maimed in Korea to stem the tide of Communism, he also ignores. That thousands of Catholic "isolationists" are lodged in every corner of the globe to help preserve international peace, he also ignores. Would to Heaven, these "isolationists" had been true isolationists and made their influence felt in preventing our engagement in wars in which we had no stake, wars in which we killed countless innocent people, in which we

smashed cities, towns, villages, in which we destroyed wealth accumulated during centuries, in which we made things worse than before, in which we, in World War No. 2 by our alliance with atheistic Russia had a major part in the subsequent enslavement of millions of decent peoples.

Since World War No. 1, we, "isolationists," have contributed our pro-rata of over one hundred billion dollars to foreign nations. Through "Foreign Aid," we "isolationists" are forced to work some part of each day in the interest of foreign nations. Hard earned pay of Catholic "isolationists" is used to balance Britain's budget, defray part of the French Government's current operating costs, whilst Frenchmen themselves evade their taxes; part of our daily wages has been used to maintain Tito in power, power he exercises to beat up Catholic bishops and priests, to strangle religion, to cement his reign of murder and terror over a people who hate him. Mr. O'Gara ignores all this.

In addition to our enforced labor in the interest of foreign nations, Catholics have contributed through "Care," clothes for Korean and many other charities. All these are lost on Mr. O'Gara. How illogical can a man become?

Finally, Mr. O'Gara comes to Senator McCarthy, the *bête noir* of The Commonwealth. Senator McCarthy is a dastardly fellow, because he persists in the nefarious work of unmasking and ferreting out traitors holding down high Federal posts. He is an "isolationist," because he prefers the welfare of his country above all others. Senator McCarthy is a patriot in a day when it is fashionable to prefer the welfare of other nations. He gives us a bad name, states Mr. O'Gara, echoing the mouthings of the *Daily Worker* and Madame Roosevelt. . . . Senator McCarthy, states Mr. O'Gara, advocates mob rule, though the Senator's only sin is trying to bring to the light of day the mob of Communists in government, in universities and colleges. This makes Senator McCarthy a scoundrel.

It is revealing how animus blinds a person to all facts. Not once does Mr. O'Gara mention the mob rule under the Roosevelt Administration, when workers seized factories, when union truckers policed highways, stopping and beating up truck drivers not affiliated with unions. Nor does he mention the attempt of Mr. Truman to assume dictatorship in his threat to take over the Steel Companies, the Utilities and the Press. He has no condemnation for Mr. Truman's advancing to higher posts men charged by the FBI with being Russian spies; no condemnation for Mr. Truman's using the vast powers of his office to balk investigating Committees of Congress who were trying to unearth traitors. No, Senator McCarthy is the villain.

Finally, the United Nations. Mr. O'Gara implies, quotes in fact, the Popes as having advocated

Catholic allegiance to this super-government. No Pope ever advocated surrender of national sovereignty to such an association, nor could a Pope so advocate, when he fully knows the wholly materialistic attitude of its guiding spirits. Here is an association which ignores Almighty God, never seeks His guidance and help, never mentions His name, and fears offending the atheistic rulers of Russia. If the presently constituted United Nations ever assumes world governorship, the peoples of the world will experience unrelieved tyranny.

If Mr. O'Gara has learned anything from history, he must know that any lasting association of nations must be bound together primarily in the spiritual sphere. From all indications, from all the evidence, the United Nations will never attain a spiritual fundamentum. Like Babel of old, it is a confusion of tongues and will merit the same fate.

JAMES T. LAPPAN.

Bronx, N. Y.

TO the Editors: James O'Gara's "Catholics and Isolationism" was superb. It had particular significance for me because about two years ago I got my hands on one or more issues of about seventy-five different diocesan newspapers. I took the plunge and read many of them from cover to cover. What a gall-and-wormwood experience! They were a nightmare of bleak negativism. Yes, there were a few exceptions. But most of them were so dour and censorious that I had to run out and get a stiff shot of chocolate soda.

At present, I am wading through scores of pronouncements by Pope Pius XII. They make me wonder if many of the editors and columnists of our diocesan press belong to the same Church as our Holy Father. They certainly don't speak his language!

Compassion and universality illumine his pronouncements on war and peace. They touch the heart and cast light into the mind. For example, in his 1944 Christmas Message he declares: "But one thing we know. The moment will come, perhaps sooner than people think, when both sides will realize that, all things considered, there is only one way of getting out of the meshes in which war and hate wrapped the world—the genuine recognition of human solidarity, a truth too long forgotten. This solidarity is not partial—limited to some peoples, but universal—embracing all. It is founded on the intimate connection of their mutual and equal destinies and rights."

When a Catholic speaks from the heartfelt fullness of Faith, who can turn a stone ear to him? Modern man (a species of which I am proud to be a member) is anything but hostile to a Catholic of good-will. But when arrogance replaces modesty, when inflamed blood substitutes for a clear mind, when ignorance assumes the role of understanding, no wonder so many persons turn away sorrowing.

The problem of the Catholic isolationist is largely the problem of his social isolation. He stays inside the ghetto. Cut-off from healing and fructifying contact with all sorts of people, he develops symptoms of paranoia. He sees "socialistic planners" behind every suggestion for traffic control and "disloyalty" in the face of every native moviegoer who attends French films. He feels the warm tides of humanity sweep past him. In his alienation and loneliness he spews curses at them. "The world" for which he has such contempt is, in truth, the very medium of his salvation.

EDWARD F. MURPHY.

Uniondale, N. Y.

TO the Editors: I would like to say how much I enjoyed James O'Gara's article, "Catholics and Isolationism." . . . One finds such a discouraging attitude toward any participation in international affairs in so many Catholics. It would sometimes seem that the brotherhood of man is a doctrine of Satan. While the world may well be steeped in secularism, Catholic withdrawal from that world does very little to fight secularism. It has always seemed to me that the best answer to the charge that the United Nations is an atheistic organization will be found in increased Catholic participation in the affairs of the United Nations. Isolationism of any sort—political or religious—is a dead-end street. And Catholics, above all, should not be traveling down dead-end streets.

JAMES BERNARD KELLEY.

Washington, D. C.

TO the Editors: After reading the temperate and perceptive article, "Catholics and Isolationism," a fear that I have long had has been considerably allayed.

The fear is, first, that the sheer volume of the Catholic literature of the new integrism would discourage such intelligent efforts as you have so patiently made; and secondly, it allays the unhappy fear that the hopes for the Faith of those like you would be abandoned because of the strident challenges of the *soi-disant* orthodox, who see in such hopes abject surrender to the forces of heresy and sedition, and who triumphantly proclaim in the words of G. K. C. "Orthodoxy is my doxy; heterodoxy is your doxy!"

The most important point the article made is that the new integrism is *not* Catholic orthodoxy. I am not referring to controversies between Catholic theologians on doctrinal issues with which both are conversant. I am referring to an assumed orthodoxy in peripheral social and political matters which is an infelicitous blend of bad philosophy, questionable sociology, and irrelevant opinion, which finds expression in a large segment of the Catholic press.

The adherents of *La Sapinière* of old were at least

familiar with the truths of faith which they thought they alone defended; but the new integrism is largely philistine.

As you have pointed out, there is a bland repudiation of papal teaching in their social thought which indicates that many of these people are simply ignorant of Catholic social theory. Their isolationism is an anti-Christian utilitarianism which passes itself off as enlightened self-interest. To them the foreigner is a crafty character who hates America and loves American money.

The man who does not subscribe to the perfervid enthusiasms of Senator McCarthy, or who is inclined to question the fact that the baptismal innocence of General Franco has never been sullied, is not merely considered wrong—he is somehow felt to be a menace to the Faith. And if one mildly dissents that the wisdom of the chip-on-the-shoulder apologist, who pickets a theater featuring a film of a Communist-sympathizer, is at least open to question, the new philistine summons the critic, not to a debate on the merits of the question, but to a court of judgment; and there emerges from the vast vacuity of the accuser's mind, not a vigorous challenge of an adversary's opinion, but a robust denial of the adversary's orthodoxy.

May you on The Commonweal continue to speak as

articulately and as patiently in the future as you have in the past. You probably have been wrong in days gone by, and you probably will be wrong in the future, for you are honest, and the honest cannot indulge in the academic immorality of over-simplification. And the world in its complexities is a far different place than that blissfully simple land of the integrist where sheep always look like sheep, and the goats can be heard a mile away. In your commentary on the problems of our time, may you remain too honest to indulge in the luxury of decision without thought and a Faith without charity.

(Name withheld by request.)

AN APPEAL

Rev. John Chiramal, whose American address is c/o St. Martin of Tours Church, 664 Grote Street, Bronx 57, N. Y., seeks funds and materials for the first Boys Town in India—in Cochin, South India. Among Father Chiramal's pressing requirements are printing and shoemaking machinery, typewriters, sewing machines, deep freezers, farm implements and books. The object is to train these boys to earn their own living. New or used machinery, etc., may be sent c/o The Warehouse—War Relief Services, 52-15 Flushing Avenue, Maspeth, Long Island, N. Y.

NOT FOR THOSE WHO READ

AS THEY RUN



THE THOMAS MORE BOOK CLUB

THE BOOK CLUB THAT IS PROUD TO BE DIFFERENT

offers these advantages

The best in Catholic reading at substantial savings. Worthwhile books for spiritual and mental growth—not just the read-on-the-run type. As a member you receive a 25 to 30 percent discount at the time of your purchase on every Club selection you buy! No "free" dividend books but always your money's worth. You choose the particular books you want from a wide selection of books (at least twenty-one) to suit the taste of every discriminating reader.

No membership fee. The only requirement is that you purchase four Club selections each year you are a member.

You receive our big Newsletter each month without charge describing in advance the forthcoming selections so you can decide whether or not you want them.

As an extra-special offer you can, if you wish, subscribe to BOOKS ON TRIAL, the popular magazine that reviews all the new books from a Catholic viewpoint, at a saving of 50 percent. Members pay only \$1.50 for a regular one year \$3.00 subscription.

ENROLL NOW

these recent selections

BREAD IN THE WILDERNESS, Thomas Merton
THE HOUSE THAT NINO BUILT, Giovanni Guareschi
THE MAKING OF A MORON, Niall Brennan
ST. PAUL: APOSTLE OF NATIONS, Daniel-Rops
THE CATHOLIC CHURCH AND THE AMERICAN IDEA, Theodore Maynard
STAGE OF FOOLS, Charles A. Brady

THOMAS MORE BOOK CLUB

210 West Madison Street, Chicago 6, Illinois

☐ Yes, I want to belong to a different kind of Book Club. Please enroll me in the Thomas More Book Club. I agree to purchase at least four Club selections at the SPECIAL DISCOUNTS each year I am a member. Enclosed is \$1.50 for my subscription to BOOKS ON TRIAL.

☐ Please send complete information about the Thomas More Book Club.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

Zone _____

State _____

C-4 _____

DECEMBER 11, 1953

261

Sensibility, Psychology, and a Passion for Analysis

THE NEW PARTISAN READER, 1945-1953.
 Edited by William Phillips and Philip Rahv.
 Harcourt, Brace. \$6.

By GERALD WEALES

FACED with an anthology, a reviewer tends, at first, to want to go through the book saying, *this is good, this is bad*, as though he were picking a box of strawberries. If such a fruit-market approach were used on this collection, which editors William Phillips and Philip Rahv consider the best work from the *Partisan Review* between 1945 and 1953, the culling, once the pedestrian and the merely bizarre had been removed, would result in a large number of intelligent and useful articles.

But such a method ends always in long, confusing and essentially meaningless lists, as uninformative as a newspaper review of a group art show. The reviewer's second inclination, then, is to look for a unifying

idea, that particular political, psychological or aesthetic thread on which he may string the whole collection and with which he may tie up the inevitable loose ends in his own review. But any anthology, however rigidly controlled, necessarily turns up some sports, some writers who, by style or content, appear to be looking around them and wondering just how they got into that company. Still the pieces have all been chosen by one editor or by one group of editors, presumably with a consistent point of view even if there is no carefully defined policy, and the remarking of patterns within a collection has a definite, if not definitive, meaning. Such patterns are apparent in *The New Partisan Reader*.

Any regular reader of *Partisan Review* must have occasionally experienced the feeling, on picking up a fresh copy of the magazine, that he has been there before, that he has read all that in an earlier issue. The perhaps necessary sameness in makeup and the perhaps unnecessary preoccupation with certain ideas induce this feeling. Rahv and Phillips have indicated in the foreword to this new collection that the articles are not only the best, but the most representative from their magazine. In their definition of "the ideal reader of *Partisan Review*" they manage, although they are insisting on the diversity of their collection, to make the representative ideas quite clear by direct statement or by implication. In politics the emphasis is on the danger of Communism, in criticism it is on psychology and myth, in fiction it is on individual sensibility. There is a strong penchant for generalization, which sounds on the face like summation, based on necessarily incomplete and individual observation—Eleanor Clark on Italy, James Burnham on India, Milton Kłonsky on mass culture.

The primary preoccupation, however, is a methodological one. The whole collection is marked by an insistence on analysis and self-an-

alysis, not only in the articles and reviews where it would seem to have more point, but in the fiction and poetry as well. John Berryman's poem "New Year's Eve," both defines and represents the dangers of such a method. Here, at a party of intellectuals, the poet is aware of the waste that is represented, the lack of fulfillment in his fellow celebrators and presumably in himself: the obvious irony in the fact that New Year's Eve could be not only the end of one year, but the beginning of another, gives him the center around which to build his poem. He has, then, a dramatic setting and a moving central image; he certainly has wit. Yet, something is missing. When he defines the problem of the unrealized ones around him, he hits upon the line, "On m'analyse, the key to secrets." The poet, after all, is at home at this party; this line also applies to him. His poem just skirts the edge of personal horror; it glances into an abyss and then hurriedly straightens its glasses, smiles wryly and examines a cultural situation. So, too, with most of the rest of the poetry in this collection. There is an absence of vitality, a dismissal of music. Most of the poems are celebrations that are polished and careful, but not essentially poetic.

Endless self-analysis is characteristic of most of the fiction in this collection. Stephen Elwin, the protagonist of Lionel Trilling's "The Other Margaret" is representative. But Trilling's story, although it has the same mannerisms—limitations, perhaps—that many of the others have, transcends them. The validity and the moving quality of the revelation that Elwin's self-analysis brings him turns these mannerisms into genuine materials for the construction of a good short story. In the story Elwin moves away from the popular idea that psychological, environmental and economic determinism is cause for continual forgiveness of all behavior to the realization that there is such a thing as personal responsibility.

JOHN McCORMACK DOMESTIC AND IMPORTED RECORDS Catholic and Irish Records IRISH SHEET MUSIC

Catalogue
 Mailed Free on Request
 Blarney Castle Products Co.
 Box 102, Times Plaza Sta.
 Brooklyn 17, N. Y.

For Your Commonweal CHRISTMAS GIFTS

Special Christmas Rates

1 SUBSCRIPTION	\$ 7.00
2 SUBSCRIPTIONS	11.50
3 SUBSCRIPTIONS	15.00
4 OR MORE, EACH	4.50

Above rates apply for U.S., Canada and
 Latin America . . . other countries
 \$1.00 extra

ORDER FORM ON BACK COVER

In the Trilling story Elwin examines each speech and each incident against a background of education, experience and earlier belief. His thinking is not, like Hamlet's thinking, just one element out of many that affect him; it has no dramatic part to play in the narrative. The story actually becomes the dramatization of the mental processes of Elwin. Much the same situation exists in many of the other stories in this volume, but not often is the pattern of thought so inherently moving as it is in "The Other Margaret."

The continual probing of the leading characters may have had an effect on the style in which these stories are written. There is, for instance, no easy movement in Trilling. The reader is caught up short and then allowed to move on just a little way before he is stopped again. It is as if the sentences themselves were moving haltingly to allow Stephen Elwin to look around carefully, to record and arrange his impressions.

The analytic attitude is more at home in the articles and, yet, even here it has done some harm. José Ortega y Gasset makes clear the general weakness in his "In Search of Goethe from Within," an essay which he wrote for *Die Neue Rundschau* in 1932, an essay, then, that is out of place and time. He begs for a biography of Goethe that will have some meaning for our time and quotes with approval the thesis of a student of Mommsen's, "I maintain that history should be written with anger and enthusiasm." There is very little of either in this collection. Even Diana Trilling, when she is trying to save the sexual individuality of the American woman from the sociological ministrations of Margaret Mead in "Men, Women, and Sex," is more judicious than the occasion might seem to warrant. Probably the most blatant example of the unenthusiastic is William Barrett's "Dialogue on Anxiety." Freud and Heidegger take part in this dialogue, speaking lines written for them by Barrett, each recognizing the existence of anxiety but neither one able to understand or accept the other's defi-

nition or appreciation of the condition. Barrett prefaces the dialogue with a short note in which he insists that neither of them is to be considered right. "The mediator who invites two people of different persuasions to his house may end by getting his furniture smashed. Unjust? Well, perhaps it is only his punishment for being too eager to draw a conclusion." Barrett comes out of this essay with his furniture intact: the polite bickerings of his Freud and his Heidegger, who sound about as passionate as two retired clergymen in an English comedy of country manners, becomes ridiculous and not a little dull.

It is this absence of commitment that forces many of the essays to bare the stain of bored competence. In the best articles the authors speak out with insistency. Their analysis is as intelligent and their observation as clear as that of those who are less concerned, and their essays are considerably more alive. James Baldwin in "Everybody's Protest Novel" really wants to make clear that the characters of the suppos-

edly liberal propaganda novels are in fact denials of the humanity of the people they represent. Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., in "The Causes of the Civil War" is angrily intent upon destroying the position of James G. Randall and the revisionists in their treatment of the Civil War. A genuine, if muted, anger runs under Hannah Arendt's examination of "The Concentration Camps," and an obvious personal annoyance is apparent in George Orwell's "Reflections on Gandhi." It might be argued that a certain objectivity is lost by such positions, but a certain excitement is also added.

No review can list all the stories, poems and articles that make *The New Partisan Reader* worth reading. That I have emphasized the attitudes that ruin many of the pieces and mar many of the others does not mean that the collection is not valuable or that *Partisan Review* does not play a genuinely useful part in American culture. It is simply that with such apparent intelligence and obvious ability the achievement should be greater.

*Whether or not you
hold with old Epictetus
that man is nothing
but a "soul dragging
a corpse around"
read . . .*

MY FRIENDS THE SENSES

by

C. D. BOULOGNE, O.P.

Introduction by

GERALD VANN, O.P.

\$3.00 at your bookseller

P. J. KENEDY & SONS
New York 8



Just Published

Because . . .

This wise and winning book demonstrates, in an original way, the true union of body and soul. Showing how to appreciate the wonders of the world we perceive through the five senses, it sharpens and deepens our re-discovery of all the joys of reality.

*November Selection of
THE CATHOLIC BOOK CLUB*

The Sober Lessons of History

THE UNDECLARED WAR, 1940-1941. By William L. Langer and S. Everett Gleason. Harper. \$10.

By M. A. FITZSIMONS

DISCUSSION of our foreign policy suffers from two radical defects: the first is an ignorance of history, the past reality from which present problems emerged; the sec-

ond is an utter fuzziness about the definition of American national interest and the moral aspects of foreign policy.

The Undeclared War is an admirable effort to redress the first defect, and, at least, clear the way for those who may correct the second. Professors Langer and Gleason have searched through mountains of

memoirs and documents, and interviewed many of the principals in the story. Their sober history is a monumental contribution to scholarship. In present circumstances the patient and critical testing of the evidence concerning our entry into the war presents a wholesome example that amounts to a public service.

Soviet fact and Orwellian fiction have revealed the horrible impiety of revising history according to the dictates of the present. It is an impiety which requires the totalitarian powers of annihilation and in the courtroom confession the denial of even the dignity of martyrdom. It is an experience which adds poignancy to the historian's old claim that history rescues men from oblivion.

But the ignoring of history has its own nemesis—men fail to learn from experience and justify their irresponsibility with fantastic explanations. The frustrations, complexities and tragedies of human experience are overlooked to be replaced by a monstrous rationalism, which conjures away present problems by persecuting the alleged creators of the problems. Popular innocence is maintained by the cult of scapegoats, some, genuine traitors, some, the leaders who shared popular misconceptions or had to accept them as a working basis. The rationalism consists in suggesting that the scapegoats have willed the utmost consequences of their actions.

In this scheme Oedipus wilfully killed his father and married his mother, Trotsky plotted against the Revolution from 1917 onward, Franklin Roosevelt expertly charted our entry into war by allowing the destruction of our fleet at Pearl Harbor, and, later, American officials under Communist orders surrendered Europe and China.

Rashness towards the past breeds rashness towards the future. Today, the most risky policies are usually advanced by those who distort the past. This is not to say that the isolationists of 1940-1941 did not have a case or that there are no grounds for revising the wartime account of our entry into the war. But it is true that whatever the merits of the isolationist case, interventionism in two world wars has created a world

CHRISTMAS

LITURGICAL



CARDS

These liturgical Christmas cards are executed in a spirit in keeping with the great tidings they carry. They are printed beautifully on quality stock using simple designs in bright joyful colors. All are 4¼x5½", four-page folders complete with envelopes. They are priced at 30 cards and envelopes for \$3, postpaid. (Please specify whether assorted or all of any one number.)

ORDER FORM

THE COMMONWEAL 386 Fourth Ave., New York 16, N. Y.

Enclosed is \$..... Send me No. 156 No. 35 No. 16 No. 151 No. 30 LITURGICAL CHRISTMAS CARDS.

Name

Address

City..... Zone..... State.....

where, unhappily, isolationism is no longer even conceivable as a national policy.

The Undeclared War presents an account of our policy in the world crisis—from the time of the destroyers deal to Pearl Harbor. It is almost Thucydidean in presenting both the careful and the uninformed calculations of the various moments of decision. To contemporaries, war often has a deceptive simplicity. Struggling Titans appear to be solely intent on the immediate arbitrament of arms. But in 1940 the warring parties in Europe and Asia always turned to consider the possible action of the two major neutral countries, the United States and the Soviet Union.

Indeed, very few things were clear and settled. The Nazis had conquered France and were looking for French collaboration. But as a surety of French behavior, the Nazis held hosts of French prisoners, and this measure made conciliation with France extremely difficult. But the Nazis did not dare to dash all French hopes—utter humiliation might have lost all of France's colonial empire to de Gaulle.

On such matters the glib moralist is a dynamo of confusion. How is the doctor of black and white to deal with Petain's dilemma? "The situation of our country requires the maintenance of a careful equilibrium between collaboration with Germany (inevitable in the economic sphere) and what the British and the Americans propose." Or appreciate the justness of General Weygand's resolution in the event of an attack on North Africa? "If the British arrive with four divisions, I will fire on them; if they come with twenty divisions, I will welcome them."

Force, wielded by the low and cunning Nazis, could be restrained only by counter-force or by hesitations prompted by the reckoning of future consequences. These calculations, however, also nullified the ideological sympathies of realistic and moderate men. The feelings of General Franco's government were certainly hostile to the democracies and favorable to a Nazi victory. But

Spain's dependence on imports from the democracies and her eventual doubts about an Axis victory made her an ingrate to Fascism and a passive abettor of United Nation's victory. In contrast to Franco's realistic moderation was the utter folly displayed by Mussolini in recklessly launching war in Egypt and against Greece.

Japan's position is less simply stated. It was determined to maintain its imperialist course in Asia, all the more because of the Axis victories. It was hesitant about the

Soviet Union and genuinely unwilling to war against the United States, if war could possibly be avoided without giving up Japan's imperial ambitions.

The volume does justice to European, Asiatic and domestic American complexities, to the hesitations, contradictions and, sometimes, simple ignorance of Washington. But a number of mysteries remain, notably the significance and fate of the "Winds" message.

In sum, the volume is an excellent piece of contemporary history, and

SOCIAL ORDER

The only magazine of its kind in America, one of only a few in the whole world, SOCIAL ORDER treats social problems from the Catholic viewpoint. It is sponsored by the Institute of Social Order.

SOCIAL ORDER

Contributors include such experts as Edward Duff, Kurt von Schuschnigg, James M. O'Neill, Goetz Briefs, John LaFarge, Thomas P. Neill, Leo C. Brown, James Collins, John L. Thomas, Wilfrid Parsons, Oswald von Nell-Breuning, Franz Mueller, C. C. Zimmerman, John F. Cronin, Jean Villain, Cyril C. Clump, Gustav Gundlach, Philip S. Land, Joseph M. Becker, Douglas Hyde, Horacio de la Costa, Carl F. Taeusch, H. K. Junckerstorff, Bernard W. Dempsey, Ed Marciniak, Dorothy Willman, Joseph Fichter, George G. Higgins, Gerald J. Schnepp, and many others.

SOCIAL ORDER

Readers comment: "We can hardly say how much we enjoy it! Delighted with the breadth of interest and the competence of the articles."—Ohio. "Fills a real need and fills it very well."—Washington. "Acknowledged first-rate of its type in the world."—Louvain. "Excellent articles practically indispensable."—Missouri. "Uniquely valuable for keeping up with the whole social field."—Montana. "Invaluable to me in my work."—Manila. "My guiding bible."—Arkansas. "Most useful."—British Guiana. "Awakens and stimulates interest in social problems."—Ontario.

Three years \$9—two years \$7—one year \$4—40c a copy.

SOCIAL ORDER

Dept. C, 3655 West Pine Boulevard, St. Louis 8, Mo.

a credit to the industry and critical and organizing talents of the authors. In commenting on their first volume some critics wrongly used the word "definitive." The nature of the subject precludes a definitive work. Moreover, the sympathies of both authors are inescapably involved on the side of the Roosevelt administration. New material may come to light. Inevitably on such a vast subject there remains plenty of work to do. The use of impossible superlatives demonstrates that on this subject historical writing is still a partisan matter. But Professors Gleason and Langer have transcended the limits of some of their admirers.

Two Traditions

NOTHING IS QUITE ENOUGH. By Gary MacEoin. Holt. \$3.50.

By JOHN COGLEY

WHEN Gary MacEoin was an eighteen-year-old youth, in Ireland, he entered the Redemptor-

ist Congregation as a novice and spent the next seven years preparing for the priesthood. A few months before the time of ordination, he was abruptly told that he was unsuited for the priesthood. The Redemptorist superiors gave no reason for their decision, and a happy young religious became overnight a baffled, hurt young man whose world suddenly fell apart. In Ireland, where the "spoiled priest" is a particularly tragic figure, picking up the pieces was especially difficult. Mr. MacEoin, incidentally, points out shrewdly that civic life in Ireland is dominated by "spoiled priests." The special, "clerical" education so many of the nation's political and cultural leaders received during their seminary days may explain much about the Island which outsiders find inexplicable.

Mr. MacEoin apparently came through his ordeal without lasting bitterness or permanent psychological injury. He has fashioned a new career for himself in the world and looks back on his monastic experience with remarkable objectivity.

The most interesting parts of his book are naturally enough concerned with the religious life as it is lived among the Irish Redemptorists. Both "Irish" and "Redemptorist" are important here, and the combination of the two traditions went to make a stern, seemingly almost Jansenistic pattern of monasticism—with its own special virtues and shortcomings. Each religious order in the Church has its special spirit and emphasis. The Congregation of the Redeemer, the child of a lawyer-saint and one of the great masters of Moral Theology—Saint Alphonsus Ligouri—seems, according to Mr. MacEoin's experience, to be especially suited to the Irish.

One finds in the monastic life described here little of the warm humanism of the Benedictines, for instance. Perhaps the religious life in Ireland would be quite different in a non-Redemptorist community, and not quite the same in a non-Irish Redemptorist community. But the similarity between the Irish and the Redemptorist geniuses is remarkable, and their meeting is force-

THE HOLY SPIRIT IN CHRISTIAN LIFE

by PERE GARDEIL, O.P.

The studies published in this volume served as the theme of a retreat given to the Little Sisters of the Poor, but although particularly adapted to the needs of men and women consecrated to God in the religious state Père Gardeil's teachings on a doctrine of which he made himself a master—and on which there are so very few authentic writings available—are no less profitable to layfolk aiming at a deeper spiritual life. Readers will find in this book an inspiring and ardently written treatise on the Christian life.

Cloth, \$1.50

Blackfriars Publications

34 BLOOMSBURY STREET

LONDON, W. C. 1

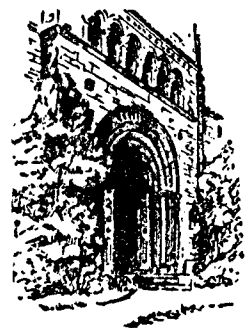
CHESTNUT HILL COLLEGE

Chestnut Hill
Pennsylvania

*Conducted by the Sisters of
St. Joseph*

Approved by the Association of
American Universities.

For further information write
to the Registrar.



Prospective students should make early application

AN APPEAL FROM KOREA

"Christmas comes to Korea at an uncertain, anxious time of fear, suffering and budding hopes. . . . Our staff of 19 Sisters cares for 1,800 to 2,200 patients daily. In addition, refugees receive food, and in many instances we have provided housing. . . . Our grateful prayers are offered for you. You have made our work possible in the Korea we call home."—Sister Mary Mercy, doctor-director of the Maryknoll Sisters Clinic, Pusan, South Korea.

Funds for \$5 food packages for the Clinic's "Adopt-a-Family" program, and donations of any amount, may be sent to: War Relief Services, National Catholic Welfare Conference, 350 Fifth Avenue, New York 1, N. Y.

fully underscored throughout Mr. MacEoin's account. The double influence left its mark on Gary MacEoin, as is evident throughout his searching account of his life. The account is very Irish and very "Redemptorist" in its lack of sentimentality, its stern acceptance of life and life's duties and its encompassing maturity.

... And All That

COLLECTED STORIES. By Osbert Sitwell. Harpers. \$5.

By ROBERT H. BOYLE

THIS is not an easy book to review. Sir Osbert's name alone is enough to bludgeon most reviewers into obsequious disadvantage, and, as if that were not sufficient, his *Collected Stories* represents a life work in one direction, an occasion which usually demands semi-obituarial praise.

But despite such considerations which ordinarily soften the judg-

Classified

IRISH BOOKS AND GIFTS

★ Books, Linens, Gifts. Catalogs. IRISH INDUSTRIES DEPOT, Inc. 870 Lexington Ave. (near 65th), New York

CATHOLIC BOOKS

★ Original designs for crucifixes and statues by modern artists. Exceptional stock of Catholic books, cards. Catalog on request.

THE GUILD BOOK SHOP

117 E. 57th St., N.Y. 22, N.Y. PLaza 3-0225

CHESTERTON AND BELLOC

★ Chesterton and Belloc Books 200 titles. Free Catalogue. Prosser, 2937 North Racine Ave. Chicago 13, Illinois

TRAVEL

★ MARIAN YEAR 1954. Independent European itineraries carefully prepared. Group travel also. Reasonable prices. For information write: O'BRIEN TOURS, P. O. Box 4935, Washington 8, D.C.

PERIODICAL

★ THINKER'S DIGEST,

A Spiritual Quarterly

A Real Christmas Bargain!

5 yearly Gift Subscriptions, \$5.

4 Past Issues with Gift Card, \$1.

Order Now!

THINKER'S DIGEST, Dallas, Pa.

BOOKS AND RECORDS

★ NEW BOOKS, OLD BOOKS. Did a new book reviewed in *Commonweal* catch your interest? You can borrow (or buy) it at CROSS CURRENTS, or choose among thousands of standard titles in theology, philosophy, literature, social sciences. French books, Long-Playing records, distinctive Christmas cards. Send for catalogues. CROSS CURRENTS, 3111 Broadway, N.Y. 27, N.Y. UNiv. 5-4480. Browsers left undisturbed.

ment of even the most irascible reviewer, it must be said Sir Osbert's stories generally lack distinction. That is not to say *Collected Stories* is without a certain merit. There are a few fine pieces, innumerable "good lines," and an Edwardian turn of phrase which permit Sir Osbert to display a rather cosy snobbishness and a chortling dash-it-all air. But this sort of thing is not first-class writing, and I came away from the book with the thought that readers of Somerset Maugham will find in it much to admire. Sir Osbert appears to have given us nothing more than an adult version, albeit Cannes edition, of *Boys' Own Paper*, and the result is sometimes amusing, often boring, and always trite.

Sir Osbert's failure apparently is one caused by national conditioning. A number of the stories are satirical in intent, but they do not come off because Sir Osbert's wit is one of intricate bombast (which in itself lends admirably to parody) rather than *le mot juste*. Humor by circumlocution always has been the favorite device of second-rate English writers. Sir Osbert's "Charles and Charlemagne" and "Alive --- Alive Oh!" bear this out.

In the "serious" stories, Sir Osbert flees from the cynicism of Mr. Maugham to embrace the cult of goo founded by the late Alexander Woolcott. The worst example: "Defeat," in which a German officer orders several *poilus* to salute a defeated French captain. Only the mention of armored columns and one or two other modern necessities saved this reviewer from placing the time of the incident in the age of Charles the Bald rather than World War II.

REVIEWERS

Gerald Weales teaches English at the Newark College of Engineering. He has contributed to the *Hudson Review*, the *New Mexico Quarterly* and other publications.

M. A. Fitzsimons is a member of the faculty of the University of Notre Dame and author of *The Foreign Policy of the British Labour Government, 1945-1951*.

Robert H. Boyle is a New York journalist who contributes regularly to *The Commonweal*.

Colleges

PENNSYLVANIA

ROSEMONT COLLEGE

Rosemont, Pa. A Catholic College for Women conducted by the Religious of the Society of the Holy Child Jesus. Accredited by the Association of American Universities. Situated on the Main Line of the Pennsylvania Railroad. Eleven miles from Philadelphia. Address the Registrar for information. Telephone Bryn Mawr 4514.

MARYLAND

COLLEGE OF NOTRE DAME OF MARYLAND

North Charles St., Baltimore 10, Maryland. A fully accredited Catholic College for Women, conducted by the School Sisters of Notre Dame. Courses leading to B.A. degree, with concentration in Art, Languages, Literature, Sciences, Music, Social Studies, Speech, Mathematics, Philosophy and Theology. Workshops in Creative Writing. Education courses leading to teacher certification. Pre-medical and laboratory technical training. Full Physical Education program, including Swimming. Address the Registrar.

NEW JERSEY

CALDWELL COLLEGE

Caldwell, New Jersey. A four year liberal arts college conducted by the Sisters of Saint Dominic. Accredited by the Middle States Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools. Liberal Arts, Sciences, Business, Teacher Training, Library Science, Music. Tuition \$350, Board \$550. Degrees: B.A., B.S., A.A. Catalogue: The Registrar, Caldwell, N. J.

MINNESOTA

THE COLLEGE OF ST. CATHERINE

A Liberal Arts College for Women. Awards the B.A., B.S., and B.S. in Library Science degrees. Approved by the Association of American Universities. Liberal arts, nursing, home economics, teaching, and physical education. Conducted by the Sisters of St. Joseph of Carondelet. For information address the Dean, 2004 Randolph Avenue, St. Paul 1, Minn.

FOR CHRISTMAS

The range of authors who write for The Commonweal indicates how much pleasure the magazine will bring the friends and relatives you designate for gift subscriptions this Christmas. Here, for instance, are some of the authors whose work was included in last year's Commonweal gifts:

Hannah Arendt
Claire Huchet Bishop
Chester Bowles
Christopher Dawson
Peter F. Drucker
Waldemar Gurian
Michael Harrington
Will Herberg
Douglas Hyde
Seymour Krim
Marshall McLuhan
Francois Mauriac
Milton Mayer

Thomas Merton
Reinhold Niebuhr
Donat O'Donnell
Sean O'Faolain
H. A. Reinhold
Budd Schulberg
George N. Shuster
Karl Stern
Gerald Vann, O.P.
Leo R. Ward, C.S.C.
Evelyn Waugh
Victor White, O.P.
Bishop John J. Wright

The Commonweal is therefore a Christmas present welcomed by men and women who are interested in national and world happenings, and in books and ideas—by laymen, clergy and Religious. A handsome gift card inscribed with your name will be sent to each recipient at Christmastime.

Donors of Commonweal Christmas gifts find the special rates applicable on multiple subscriptions from now until January 15 an added inducement. Your own subscription (new or renewal) may be included at these rates: two subscriptions \$11.50; three \$15; four or more \$4.50 each.

THE COMMONWEAL, 386 Fourth Ave., New York 16, N. Y., MU. 3-9685

Enclosed is \$..... Send The Commonweal for one year to:

NAME

STREET

CITY

NAME

STREET

CITY

MY NAME IS

ADDRESS